

THE MAID of MAIDEN LANE

Sequel to "The Bow of Orange Ribbon."

A LOVE STORY BY AMELIA E. BARR

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Poor little fish!" answered Annie. "They could not cry out, or plead with you, or beg for their lives, because they were dumb and opened not their mouths; they were wounded and strangled to death."

"Don't say such things, Annie. How can I enjoy my sport if you do?" "I don't think you ought to enjoy sport which is murder. You have your wherry to sail, is not that sport enough? I have heard you say nothing that floats on fresh water, can beat a Norfolk wherry."

Then Hyde and Mary had a game of battledore, and she watched them, toiling the early painted cork, until amid their light laughter and merry talk she fell asleep. And when she awakened it was sunset, and there was no one in her room but her maid. She had slept long, but in spite of its refreshment, she had a sense of something uneasy. Then she recalled the story Mary Damer had told her, and because she comprehended the truth, she was instantly at rest. The whole secret was clear as daylight to her. She was positive Rem Van Arens was himself the thief of her cousin's love and happiness, and the bringer of grief—almost of death—to Cornelia. She said to herself, "I shall not be long here, and before I go away I must put right love's wrong."

She would write to Cornelia. Her word would be indisputable. Then she would discuss the subject from her conversations with Mary, until Cornelia's answer arrived; nor until that time would she say a word of her suspicions to Hyde. In pursuance of these resolutions the following letter to Cornelia left Hyde Manor for New York the next mail:

To Miss Cornelia Moran:

"Because you are very dear to one of my dear kindred, and because I feel that you are worthy of my great love, I also love you. Will you trust me now? There has been a sad mistake. I believe I can put it right. You must recollect the day on which George Hyde wrote asking you to fix an hour when he could call on Doctor Moran about your marriage. Did any other lover ask you on that day to marry him? Was that other lover Mr. Van Arens? Did you write to both about the same time? If so, you misdirected your letters, and the one intended for Lord Hyde went to Mr. Van Arens, and the one intended for Mr. Van Arens went to Lord Hyde. Now you will understand many things."

"Can you send to me, for Lord Hyde, a copy of the letter you intended for him. When I receive it, you may content your heart. Delay not to answer this; why should you delay your happiness? I send you as love gifts my dearest desires, prayers, all that is best in me, all that I give to one high in my esteem, and whom I wish to place high in my affection. This to your hand and heart, with all sincerity. Annie Hyde."

She calculated her letter would reach Cornelia about the end of September, and she thought how pleasantly the hope it brought would brighten her life. And without permitting Hyde to suspect any change in his love affair, she very often led the conversation to Cornelia, and to the circumstances of her life. Hyde was always willing to talk on this subject, and thus she learned so much about Arens, and Madame Jacobus, and Rem Van Arens, that the people became her familiars.

Certainly the letter sent to Cornelia sped on its way all the more rapidly and joyfully for the good wishes and unselfish prayers accompanying it. The very ship which had brought it was the bearer of good tidings, for it there had been one of the mighty angels whose charge is on the great deep at the helm of the Good Intent she could not have gone more swiftly and surely to her haven. One morning, nearly a week in advance of Annie's calculation,

With clothing of every description, the wonderful letter was put into Cornelia's hand. The handwriting was strange, it was an English letter, what could it mean?

Let any one who has loved and been parted from the beloved by some misunderstanding, try to realize what it meant to Cornelia. She read it through in an indestructible hurry and emotion, and then in the most natural and womanly way, began to cry. There was only one wonderful thought she could entertain—it was not the fault of Joris. This was the assurance that turned her joyful tears into gladder smiles, and that made her step light as a bird on the wing, as she ran down the stairs to find her mother, for her happiness was not perfect till she shared it with the heart that had borne her sorrow, and carried her grief through many weary months with her.

In the first hours of her recovered gladness she did not even remember Rem's great fault, nor yet her own carelessness. These things were only accidents—not worthy to be taken

into account while the great sweet hope that had come to her, flooded like a springtide every nook and corner of her heart. In such a mood how easy it was to answer Annie's letter. She recollected every word she had written to Hyde that fateful day, and she wrote them again with a tenfold joy.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Return of Joy.

Now it is very noticeable that when unusual events begin to happen in any life, there is a succession of such events, and not infrequently they arrive in similar ways. At any rate, about ten days after the receipt of Annie's letter, Cornelia was almost equally amazed by the receipt of another letter—a piece of paper twisted carefully but containing these few pregnant words:

"Cornelia, dear, come to me. Bring me something to wear. I have just arrived, saved by the skin of my teeth, and I have not a decent garment of any kind to put on. Arens."

A thunderbolt from a clear sky could hardly have caused such surprise, but Cornelia did not wait to talk about the wonder. She loaded a maid with clothing of every description, and ran across the street to her friend. Arens was her coming, and met her with a cry of joy, and as Van Arens was sick and trembling with the sight of his daughter, and the tale of her sufferings, Cornelia persuaded him to go to sleep, and leave Arens to her care. Poor Arens, she was ill with the privations she had suffered, she was half-starved, and nearly without clothing, but she did not complain much until she had been fed, and bathed, and "dressed," as she said, "like a New York woman ought to be."

"You know what trunks and trunks full of beautiful things I took away with me, Cornelia," she complained; "well, I have not a rag left. I have nothing left at all."

"Your husband, Arens?" "He was guillotined."

"Oh, my dear Arens!"

"Guillotined? I told him to be quiet. I begged him to go over to Marat, but his nobility obliged him to stand by his order and his king. So for them he died. Poor Athanasie! He expected me to follow him, but I could not make up my mind to the knife. Oh, how terrible it was!" Then she began to sob bitterly, and Cornelia let her talk of her sufferings until she fell into a sleep—a sleep, easy to see, still haunted by the furies and terrors through which she had passed.

For a week Cornelia remained with her friend and Madame Jacobus joined them as often as possible, and gradually the half-distraught woman recovered something of her natural spirits and resolution. Of course with many differences. She could not be the same Arens, she had outlived many of her illusions. She took but little interest for a while in the life around her. Rem she did talk about, but chiefly because he was going to marry an English girl, an intention she angrily deplored.

"I am sure," she said, "Rem might have learned a lesson from my sad fortune. What does he want to marry a foreigner for? He ought to have prevented me from doing so, instead of following my foolish example."

"No one could have prevented you, Arens. You would not listen even to your father."

"Oh, indeed, it was my fate. We must all submit to fate. Why did you refuse Rem?"

"He was not my fate, Arens."

"Well, then, neither is George Hyde your fate. Aunt Jacobus has told me some things about him. She says he is to marry his cousin. You ought to marry Rem."

"As she said these words Van Arens, accompanied by Joris Van Heemskirk, entered the room, and Cornelia was glad to escape. She knew that Arens would again relate all her experiences, and she disliked to mingle them with her renewed dreams of love and her lover.

"She will talk and talk," said Cornelia to her mother, "and then there will be tea and chocolate and more talk, and I have heard all I wish to hear about that dreadful city, and the demons who were in blood. Senator Van Heemskirk came in with her father as I left."

"I hope he treated you more civilly than Madame did."

"He was delightful. I courted to him, and he lifted my hand and kissed it, and said, 'I grew lovelier every day,' and I kissed his cheek and said, 'I wished always to be lovely in his sight.' Then I came home, because I would not, just yet, speak of Joris to him."

"Arens would hardly have given you any opportunity. I wonder at what hour she will release Joris Van Heemskirk!"

"It will be later than it ought to be."

Indeed it was so late that Madame Van Heemskirk had locked up her house for the night, and was troubled at her husband's delay—even a little cross.

"An old man like you, Joris," she said in a tone of vexation—"sitting till nine o'clock with the last runaway from Paris; a cold you have already, and all for a girl that threw her senses behind her, to marry a Frenchman."

"Much she ought to suffer. And I believe not in Arens Van Arens' suffering."

"I will sit, little by the fire, Lysbet. Sit down—yes. My mind is full of her story. Bitter fears and suffering she has come through. Her husband was guillotined last May, and from her home she was taken—no time to write to a friend—no time to save anything she had, except a string of pearls, which round her waist for many weeks she had worn. Hungry and sick upon the floor of her prison she was sitting, when her name was

called; for head after head of her pearl necklace had gone to her jailor, only for a little black bread and a cup of milk twice a day; and this morning for twenty-four hours she had been without food or milk."

"The poor little one! What did she do?"

"When in that terrible iron arm-chair before those bloody judges, she says she forgot then to be afraid. She had no dress to help her beauty, but she declares she never felt more beautiful, and well I can believe it. They asked her name, and my Lysbet, think of this child's answer! 'I am called Arens Jefferson de Tournierre,' she said, and at the name of 'Jefferson' there were exclamations, and one of the jurymen rose to his feet and asked excitedly, 'What is it you mean? Jefferson! The great Jefferson! The great American who loves France and Liberty?' 'It is the same,' she answered, and then she sat silent, asking no favor, so wise was she, and Fouquier-Tinville looked at the President and said, 'Among my friends I count this great American! and a jurymen added, 'When I was poor and hungry he fed and helped me,' and he bowed to Arens as he spoke. When questioned further she answered, 'I adore Liberty, I believe in France, I married a Frenchman, for Thomas Jefferson told me it was coming to a great nation and might trust both its government

and its generosity. They were all extremely polite to her, and gave her at once the papers which permitted her to leave France. The next day a little money she got from Minister Morris, but a very hard passage she had home."

"After all, it was a lie she told. Joris."

(To be continued.)

WAS NOT MAKING MUCH.

New York Statesman Told a Story With a Moral.

Gov. Odell's declaration concerning the incoherency of the present state legislature led Assistant Corporation Counsel "Charlie" Whitman, who is looking after the interests of the city in Albany, to tell this:

"A certain New York city 'statesman' came to Mr. Whitman after his pernicious activity had defeated a certain measure of doubtful character and asked:

"Say, Whitman, what are you making out of all this?"

"My salary and enemies good and plenty," replied Whitman grimly.

"Nothin' doin' on the side?" inquired the politician.

"Nothin' doin'," answered Whitman sadly.

"Say," interpolated the statesman, "the game you are stacked up against reminds me of the story of the countryman who drove to market the largest bunch of hogs his county had ever seen. When he got to the village pork was plenty and he couldn't get his price, so he drove his pigs home in disgust."

"Silas," inquired his wife sarcastically, "what did yer make out of yer struggle?"

"Nothin' much, I cal'ate," growled Silas, "cep'tin' only the sassafras of the turned hogs."

"And you, Mr. Whitman, how do you enjoy your 'sassafras'?"—New York Times.

IT WAS HIS LAST "MASH."

Young Lady's Remark Too Much for Elderly Gallant.

A handsome gentleman of 60, who looks much younger and still retains an eye for the beautiful in the fair sex and a tender fluttering of the heart when the ladies glance his way, got into a street car in company with his son, a grown young man. A striking feature of the elderly gallant is an extremely long and full goatee and big, flowing mustaches. The gentleman found a seat directly opposite two unusually attractive young ladies, immediately beside whom the son found his seat.

In a few moments the girls were gazing often at the old gentleman and chattering together in great glee. The gentleman hugged himself mentally, but restrained his emotions in the presence of his son. On leaving the car the son said:

"Say, Governor, I've got a good one on you."

"Well, what is it, my son?"

"Why, one of those girls next to me said, 'What a funny looking thing that old man is over there.' To which the other replied, 'Yes, isn't he? He looks like a goat!'"

That was the old man's last "mash."

Progressive.

Giles—"By the way, what became of that fellow Skinnon who was in the coal business here last winter?"

Miles—"Oh, he sold out about a month ago and went to Arizona. Last I heard of him he was in jail for robbing a stage coach."

Giles—"In other words, he evolved from a tight-weighman to a highwayman."

Pay High Price for Drawings.

The extraordinary price of 1,850 guineas was paid recently at Christie's in London for a set of twelve illustrations in charcoal and wash by Fra

gnaud.

record, ably assisted by his crowship, had to stand. Many years ago in England, before a rule was made to fit a similar emergency in cricket, it is related that a batsman knocked a ball into a tall tree, where it lodged in the crotch of a limb. There was no climbing the tree, and the nearest axe was a half mile away. Before it could be obtained and the tree chopped down, the man with the bat made more than seven hundred runs, hurtling between the wickets like a human shuttlecock. He stopped scoring runs then only because he ran himself out of strength and breath and fell on the turf, still feebly trying to pile up another run, with one weary eye cocked on the tree and all the opposing side frantically trying to chop at once.—The Illustrated Sporting News.

Where Ocean Rolled

A dispatch from Salt Lake City, Utah, states that Mrs. B. F. House, a former Cincinnati woman, has made a discovery which proves conclusively to scientists, according to the dispatch, that Salt Lake was once a part of the Pacific ocean. For years geologists and learned scientists, including experts from the Smithsonian Institution, have made vain efforts to discover some convincing proof that the inland sea was once a part of the great Pacific. Parties of scientists have lived on and traveled the shores of the big lake, but none of their discoveries was ever accepted as positive proof. The discovery made by Mrs. House which is accepted by many as proof positive is a piece of sponge-like coral, but contains salt sea periwinkles, which a number of scientists claim are only found in ocean coral.

Diligent search was made for other specimens, but the big coral rock, yellow with age, was all that could be found. Professor Henshaw, geologist at the Walnut Hills school, said that the discovery was a great one and while it was the most convincing proof yet established, he would not accept it as positive, although he had never heard of any like specimens being found except in the ocean. O. W. Martin, professor of geology at Hughes high school, said: "The discovery is indeed the most important one ever made in that region and will undoubtedly interest scientists and geologists all over the world. Many efforts have been made to establish some positive proof that Salt Lake was once a part of the Pacific, but they have all failed. While the discovery, as reported, would afford the most positive proof we have ever had, I could not accept it as conclusive proof. The question of whether the Salt Lake was once a part of the ocean has been agitating scientists and geologists for many years, and this recent discovery will no doubt be of great interest to all of them." Mrs. House is the wife of the chief engineer of the Western Pacific surveying corps.

M. F. Guyer, the professor of geology at the Cincinnati University, when asked his opinion on Mrs. House's discovery, said: "While it is very strong evidence and probably the most important discovery to that end that has ever been made, I do not think it will be generally accepted as positive proof that the inland sea was once a part of the Pacific ocean. One thing is certain—it is the first piece of coral ever discovered in an inland body of water that contained periwinkles, and it is almost conclusive evidence that Great Salt Lake was once a part of the Pacific ocean."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Print at Long Distance

According to reports from Berlin, that progressive city will soon have a new means of communication in the electric distance-printing apparatus (Ferndrucker), which in many cases will be a valuable adjunct to the telephone.

Through a contract with the post-office department, of which the telegraph and telephone system is a part, the Ferndrucker company is able to establish a special service for subscribers in Berlin and its suburbs, who can exchange communications in printed type by way of the main telegraph office. The apparatus is similar to a typewriter machine. After connection is made communication can be had by simply manipulating the machine like a typewriter; even if the addressee is absent the printing goes on automatically on tape. The text if the message is duplicated on the machine of the sender, so that a correct record is kept and mistakes in transmission are avoided. A great advantage of this new apparatus is that by a simple arrangement the communication can be sent simultaneously to a

number of addressees. In this manner, for instance, a person is enabled to communicate with all the newspapers of Berlin by a single writing of the message on his sending apparatus.

Large industrial establishments, banks and newspapers will be greatly benefited, and a large number of such have already made application for membership. For the time being, however, the number will be restricted, with a view of increasing it in time.

The telegraphic service by this innovation, will also be facilitated, as the main telegraph office can at once transmit all incoming telegraphic messages to any of the Ferndrucker subscribers over the new apparatus.

The giving of a special address—as, for instance, "Smith Ferndrucker, Berlin"—suffices to have telegraphic messages from anywhere transmitted at once to the residence of the subscriber.

The apparatus has already been in use by a limited number of firms, and so far has worked faultlessly. The annual subscription price for Berlin is 500 marks (\$119).

A Japanese War Song

When Japan sent a party of naval officers and sailors to this country to take charge of the cruiser Kasagi, built by the Grays, they taught one of the Japanese war songs to their American acquaintances. Here is how the Japanese version ran in part:

Tsunahiko yaku hakai hachi
Toyo helwa no giwo shiranu,
Mama kanko no chan-cha ga,
Burei kiwanaru furumaiwa,
Setshi yakuan kogai hifun.
Nippon dainishio udemalde,
Yaban no gume o yaburanto.

Translated the song is as follows: "The Tientsin treaty has been broken. The extremely discourteous conduct of the barbarous and stubborn Chinese, failing to recognize the value of peace in the East, causes teeth to be set and arms folded, while public sentiment is sorrowful and angry."

"To break this dream of barbarism by the power of the Japanese soldiery, our reinforcements are constantly advancing, with flags floating bravely."

"Both in the desperate battle of the Gulf of Pechili and in an attack on the Province of Selkie, we displayed

the national prowess by slaughtering the Chinese fighting against our country."

"We are marching through a country in which the scorching heat blisters the flesh. We are passing through fire and water, but we do not care. The enemy's projectiles come like hail. The corpses are piled mountain high at Heijo. Blood discolors the waters of Wei-hai-wei, but our soldiers, never retreating an inch, easily capture the Chinese fort."

"Grasping 400 provinces with one hand and planting the flag of the Rising Sun on the castle of Peking, let us return to triumph. For you are to be an example of the military clan increasing the fame of the nation."

"Human life is only fifty years. If we are reluctant to lose it, we become disloyal to the emperor for generations."

"Two ways lie open before us: the loyal way is to die. Let our motto be to continue fighting until we fall exhausted."

"This is the most satisfactory solution. How glorious. How joyful!"—New York Sun.

Streets of Bye-and-Bye

O, when the spot, my youthful friends, I urge you to beware! Beguiling is the pleasant way, and soft it breathes the air!

Yet none have ever passed to scenes enduring, great and high, Who once began to linger in the street of Bye-and-Bye.

How varied are the images arising to my mind, Of those who wished to chide the crowd, who loved and prized the right!

Yet from the golden bonds of youth they broke, and then the street of Bye-and-Bye, Which sold them gently prisoned in the street of Bye-and-Bye.

A youth aspired to climb the height of Learning's lofty hill; What dream of glory, intelligence, what quest his quest still mock his wistful eye! Too long, alas, he tarried in the street of Bye-and-Bye.

"My projects thrive," the merchant said; "when doubled is my store!" How feebly shall my ready gold be shown, spread among the poor!

"Well, what is it, my son?"

"Why, one of those girls next to me said, 'What a funny looking thing that old man is over there.' To which the other replied, 'Yes, isn't he? He looks like a goat!'"

That was the old man's last "mash."

Some Kinks in Sport

It is a gorgeous story that comes from the golf links of Cairo, and every good golfer will hereafter carry a gun in his bag of clubs if he wishes to overlook no fine points. After a splendid drive, a Cairo player watched the ball roll over the distant turf, when, to his horrified amazement a crow swooped down and carried it aloft. The golfer and the caddy put off in chase, the caddy cursing in fluid Arabic. Then, to the delight of the golfer, the crow dropped the ball on the green, and he holed out in two strokes, which put Colonel Bogie out of commission. The opponent was threatened with apology. As in the case of the Indian football trick of a player's sticking the ball under his jersey, there was every kind of rule in the book except one to cover the unexpected, and the golfer's

FIRST SMOKED IN ENGLAND.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Pipe on Exhibition at London.

Americans in London have been flocking to the Shipping Exhibition in Whitechapel to see a relic of United States history which will be interesting likewise to their countrymen at home. This is nothing less than the pipe smoked by Sir Walter Raleigh, which is also, of course, the first ever

smoked in the country—the famous courier of Queen Elizabeth having introduced the "fragrant weed" into England on his return from America. The pipe belongs to the Prince of Wales, who always has seen to its being guarded most carefully, and never before allowed it to be placed on exhibition. He always has refused to permit the pipe to be photographed, too, and the accompanying picture is the first of it that has ever been obtained.

PIANO PLAYING MADE EASY.

Design Shows How the Keys Should Be Struck.

At the top of the cut is as much of the keyboard as necessary to explain the tune, the star denoting the center of the instrument. The thick vertical

lines represent the position of the notes on the keyboard, their length denoting their value. The horizontal lines represent the bars, and connected notes are played with the same hand.

Time—4 Beats in the Bar
1 = 1/2 Beat = 2 Beats
1 = 1/2 Beat = 3 Beats

Eight Logs From Pine Tree.

Ira Preston and Charles Newell cut a pine tree in Sharon, Vt., making six 12-foot logs, and two 10-foot ones. The first log 12 feet from the stump was 26 inches in diameter, the next ones were respectively 25, 24, 23, 22, 21 and 19 inches in diameter, the two 10-foot logs were 16 and 10 in diameter, the tree making 1,730 feet of lumber.

Boot Easy to Resole.

To meet the demand for an army boot which can be resoled easily during long campaigns, this device was invented. On the edge of the permanent upper sole is a ridge which allows an overlapping slide on the under

sole to be pushed up till the hole in the heel piece is over the heel, or rather the inner and permanent piece of "heel" as shown here. The "sole" is firmly fixed in place, then the bottom portion of the heel is slid into position and fastened by a plug from inside the boot. The ease of soles and heels only takes a minute.

Owl Makes Nest in Stove.

Mrs. Sylvius Little of Whitman, Mass., found her range smoked badly, so she took down the stove pipe and cleaned it, thinking the trouble was there. Next she thought to sweep out the oven top and removed the stove covers to find an owl snugly stowed in the space, blocking the smoke exit. She captured him and had him for a pet. He had come down the chimney and crept into the stove when the fire was out.

Short and Long Days.

The day is longer or shorter as you go north or south of the Equator. Off Cape Horn, 56 degrees south latitude, the days in mid-winter are about nine hours long. The longest day at London is sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half; at Hanburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg the longest day has eighteen hours and the shortest five; at Herson in Finland the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half; at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

Drunk Man.

When one sees a newspaper headline to the effect that a cat or kitten has saved a human life, the story which usually follows is that the animal with acute olfactory perception smelled smoke and aroused the sleeping master or mistress by springing upon the bed and clawing and mewling.

A Philadelphia kitten, however, did something more original in the way of lifesaving. It was a very tiny Maltese, a homeless wanderer on a bitterly cold night.

Seeking shelter, puss came upon a man so drunk that he had fallen asleep close to a wall. Puss crept under his coat, and grateful for the warmth she purred and mewed in delight. It chanced that two doctors attached to a hospital passed that pair, their attention being arrested by the kitten's mew.

Thinking it a case of distress, the men started to investigate and quickly found the kitten and her unconscious protector. All their efforts to arouse the man proving unavailing, both were hurried to a hospital, where it was found the man was very badly frostbitten and that he would surely have been frozen to death—Vogue.

MEN TO WEAR CORSETS.

Chicago Tailors Say the New Fashion is to Stay.

That the men's corset vest is "just the right thing" is the assurance given by Chicago tailors. They have

taken up the idea, which originated at the convention of the Custom Cutters' association in Columbus, O., and they are already making designs. The corset vest is not to have stiffening or stays, but will be cut "away in" at the waist and be given a bulging effect over the chest and under the arms. The advantage of the new garment is that every wearer will appear to have the chest of a Sampson.

Peculiar Land Tenure Custom.

At Chingford, in Essex, England, an estate is held by a very strange condition. Whenever it passes into new hands, the owner, with his wife, man-servant and maid-servant, comes on horseback to the parsonage and pays his homage by blowing three blasts upon a horn; he carries a hawk upon his fist and his servant has a greyhound in the slip, both for the use of the rector for that day. He receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then with his party withdraws from the rectory.

Ashantee Baby Carriage.

The Ashantee baby rides astride his mother's hip, secured by a bandage around him and her waist. Note how this one stares at the camera. Babies of uncivilized races are more attentive and inquisitive than ours. Their senses are naturally more acute and are further sharpened by their rough and tumble existence.

His House a Sequoia Log.

John Muir, the naturalist, while in a forest of huge redwoods in California, came across a man who was herding a band of horses. When Mr. Muir asked if he might have some flour, the man said: "Yes, of course, you may have anything I've got. Just take my track and it will lead you to my camp in a big hollow log on the side of a meadow two or three miles from here. I'll be back before night; in the meantime make yourself at home." By the middle of the afternoon Mr. Muir had discovered the noble den in a fallen sequoia hollowed by fire—a spacious, lofty room of one log, carbon-lined, centuries old, yet sweet and fresh, weather-proof, earthquake-proof, likely to outlast the most durable stone castle.

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KITTEN SAVES MAN'S LIFE.

Tiny Wanderer Means of Rescue of Drunken Man.

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